WASHTENAW COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY - Founded December 17, 1857 JANUARY 1989

WASHTENAW IMPRESSIONS

DUES LETTERS COMING, DON'T FORGET TO RENEW

WCHS membership dues letters were delayed but are expected to go out soon. Don't forget to renew to keep on receiving the *Impressions* and notices of WCHS programs in 1989. We need your support.

You may join by sending name, address and phone number with check or money order payable to Washtenaw County Historical Society to : WCHS Membership, 312 South Division Street, Ann Arbor, MI 48104-2204. Information: 996-3008. (Please note change of address and phone number to Kempf House.)

Annual dues are $10, individual; $18 a couple. Senior individual (60), $8, senior couple $14. Sustaining dues are $50, commercial, $25 and student, $5. Only one of a couple need be 60 to qualify as seniors.

'WHAT IS IT' GAME AVAILABLE TO SCHOOLS

WCHS offers a traveling exhibit of small artifacts set up as a humorous "What is it" game for children to schools and another for adults.

They are available for classes and meetings, subject to time and volunteer availability. For information call Karen O'Neal, chairwoman, 665-2242.

GSWC SPEAKERS NAMED FOR JANUARY, FEBRUARY

Donald P. Callard of Ann Arbor will speak on "Primary Sources in Secondary Places" at the Genealogy Society of Washtenaw County Meeting January 22 in Lecture Hall II, Liberal Arts and Sciences Building, Washtenaw Community College, following 1:30 p.m. business meeting.

The GSWC librarian Barbara Snow will talk about "Using the L.D.S. Library," at the 3:30 p.m. class.

Kathie Horning of Howell will speak on "The Oral History Approach," at the February 26 meeting. Carolyn Griffin of Ypsilanti will conduct a class on "Using Land Records in Genealogical Research."

NATIONAL HISTORY CONTEST OPEN TO YOUTH

Sixth to twelfth grade students in southeast Michigan are invited to enter the National History Day contest April 8 according to regional coordinator James Waltz, Eastern Michigan University professor.

This year's theme for the ten-year-old national contest is "The Individual in History." Students may prepare a paper, project, performance or media presentation. The state contest for regional winners will be May 6. State winners will compete June 11-15 at College Park, Maryland.

For more information call Professor Waltz at 478-1018.

HISTORICAL HAPPENINGS

Chelsea Historical Society: 7:30 p.m. second Monday at restored railroad depot off North Main at tracks.

Dexter Society: Annual craft fair 10 a.m.-4 p.m. March 18 in high school gym. Business meetings 8 p.m. first Thursday at museum, 3443 Inverness. Museum open by appointment only until spring (call 426-2519).

Manchester Society: 7:30 p.m. third Monday at Blacksmith Shop, 324 East Main.

Milan Society: 7:30 p.m. third Wednesday at Hack House, 775 County Street.

Pittsfield Society: 2 p.m. first Sunday at township hall, State and Ellsworth Roads.

Salem Society: The underground railroad including specifics on Salem will be Don Riddering's topic at the Thursday January 26 meeting at 7:30 p.m. at the Jaycee Hall on Six Mile Road east of Chubb on south side.

Saline Society: 7 p.m. third Wednesday at Saline Senior Center, 7605 North Maple Road. Wayne Clements, program director, will present an oral history interview he did.

Webster Society: 7:45 p.m. second Monday, location to be announced.

Ypsilanti Society: Museum, 220 North Huron, open 2-4 p.m. Friday-Sunday.

ARTIST INTERPRETS LOCAL HISTORY IN WATERCOLORS

Chelsea artist Benjamin R. Bower will use his own paintings as a basis for his talk, "Interpreting Local History, Past and Present, Through Watercolors," at the Washtenaw County Historical Society meeting.

It will be at 2 p.m. Sunday, January 15, at Bentley Library on the University of Michigan North Campus near Veteran's Hospital.

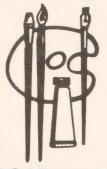
His paintings are the result of much digging into local history, he says, many walks around Ann Arbor and Washtenaw County, much poring over old newspapers and old photographs before he take watercolor pencil in hand.

Bower, who has painted since he was a child, discovered watercolor pencils during World War II in the South Pacific when a buddy received them as a gift.

Uninterested, the buddy gave them to him and he has since made them his medium. He uses them both dry and wet to produce his pictures of local landmarks.

He ran the Waterloo Recreation Area office for the Michigan Department of Natural Resources for 25 years. Now officially retired, he runs a picture frame shop as well as painting.

The meeting is open to the public free of charge. Free parking Sundays across the street with limited parking by the library.



PAST PRESIDENT LEFT OFF LIST BY MISTAKE

Your red-faced editor cannot explain how she failed to mention WCHS's immediate past-president Patricia Austin in the listing of officers in both the October *Impressions* and *The Ann Arbor News* release. WCHS by-laws make the immediate past-president an officer to help provide continuity. Many apologies, Patricia.

WASHINGTON, ADAMS, MONROE, HARRISON, PIERCE, GRANT

EARLY INAUGURALS SHORT OF PROTOCOL, LONG ON HUMOR, DRAMA, TRAGEDY

By Ramon R. Hernandez

Until 1933, the person elected President of the United States was usually inaugurated on March 4. In 1933, the twentieth amendment to the Constitution changed the inauguration date to January 20.

On that date, the new President begins his official duties. Although not required, it is customary for him to go to the Capitol building to take his oath of office. And, also not required, it is, however, customary for it to be administered to him by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Actually, Article II, Section I of the Constitution contains the only reference to the formal act of taking office:

"Before he enter on the Execution of his Office he shall take the following Oath of Affirmation: 'I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.' "

Thus, constitutionally, the formal act of taking office is a simple procedure, although the $12 million price tag on the 1985 event is the most expensive in history (surpassing the previous high of $8 million in 1981).

But the inauguration of a president — in terms of its meaning — is more than a simple procedure. The inauguration of a president — such as George Bush as the 41st president — is a unique event in our national life.

In itself, the ceremony is a celebration, usually a festive occasion — but not always. *In itself,* it is that exact point in the history of our nation that ends the old and begins the new. Thus, today, I would like to present to you the President-elect of the United States of America on the occasion of some of the inaugurations in our early history.

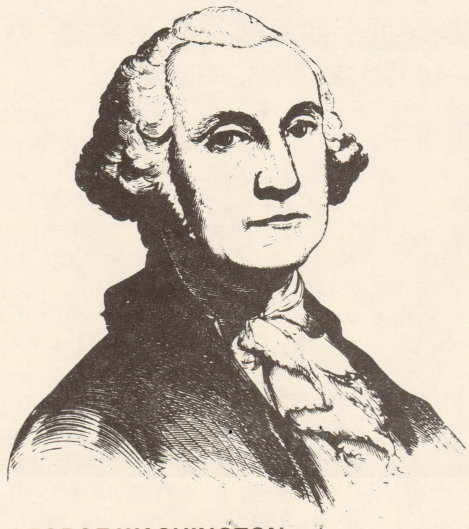
GEORGE WASHINGTON

We are told that Thursday, April 30, 1789, was a cool, clear day in the new capital city, New York City. There was mounting excitement.

Since dawn the festive crowd in front of the Federal Hall had steadily increased. By nine o'clock, when the church bells rang out, heralding the great event that was about to occur, the intersection of Wall and Broad streets was a solid cheering mob.

At noon, on the Federal Hall balcony, George Washington was scheduled to take his oath of office as the first President of the United States of America.

Only a week before, three senators and three representatives had been appointed to plan the details for the inauguration, and now, with the moment at hand, the committeemen suddenly realized that they had overlooked simple matters of protocol.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

How should the President-elect be received at Federal Hall? How should he be addressed? Where should he sit? Who should accompany him out to the balcony for his oath of office?

This congressional confusion came as no surprise to the crowd outside. The people were used to it. The Continental Congress had been bungling for five years. As its last act, the Continental Congress decreed that its successor, the First Congress of the (new) United States of America, should convene in New York City on March 4, 1789, to receive the results of the Electoral College vote.

But at the first session of the new Congress, both houses lacked a quorum. They adjourned, repeatedly, for a month, although everyone knew the outcome of the election. But neither Washington nor John Adams, his Vice-President, could take office until Congress had been officially informed and then, in turn, officially informed the victors — several days journey away.

The nation's 42 newspapers began to complain; where were the missing Congressmen? Finally, on April 6, enough of them showed up to conduct the business at hand. The next day, two couriers left New York on horseback, one rushing all the way down to Mount Vernon, Virginia, and the other across to Braintree, Mass., to announce the news that both men had known for a month.

During that time Washington put his personal affairs in order. He was 53, in debt, his health was impaired by chronic dysentery, recurrent malaria, and bad teeth — ailments which today would, possibly prevent him, politically, from even being nominated!

After word had arrived and Washington left for New York, he was virtually mobbed along the way — his journey being delayed for days for him to attend to all sorts of banquets in his honor.

Upon arrival on Manhattan Island, the final stage was his ride by carriage to Federal Hall, where construction workers had rushed to complete the renovation of the building that had formerly been New York's City Hall, and was now being made over into the Capitol at a cost of $32,000.

Now the protocol questions came down to the final minutes. How should Washington be addressed? Someone suggested "Excellency"; someone else wanted "His Highness"; other were for "His Highness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties" or "His Serene Highness" or "His Mightiness." There was no precedent, except the colonists' experience with the English crown.

Experts hurriedly read through the Constitution and discovered that its authors had not taken this crucial question into consideration. They wanted to be respectful, but the flowery, regal titles made most people cringe, and the debate continued until someone suggested a simple, "Mr. President." It was adopted and has stuck to this day.

Now the problem, how to receive Washington. Should he be invited to sit down? Where? Adams considered as his own the crimson chair whilch symbolised his office, but there was not room for two men on the Chair of the President of the Senate, who is in this situation only the Vice-President (of the United States).

Once inside the Senate chambers, Washington accepted the applause of the joint Congress. However, after it died down, there came an awkward silence. Washington glanced around for a place to sit down, saw Adams' crimson chair, stepped to it, and sat down — which settled that problem of protocol in an instant.

Again, there was confusion; no one had thought of arranging the last steps of procession. Realizing this, Washington merely walked to the balcony doors with Adams falling in close behind and Chancellor Robert Livingston of the New York judiciary. Once the principals were at the door, the others in the room jostled for the remaining space to squeeze onto the balcony.

Outside there was a small table, and on it was a Bible hastily borrowed from St. John's Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons. Secretary of the Senate Samuel Otis opened it and stood between

Washington and Livingston. The enormous crowd became quiet as Washington placed his left hand on the Bible, raised his right hand, and looked at Livingston.

Because of the religious sensitivities of the nation, the authors of the Constitution permitted either the word 'swear' or 'affirm" when taking the oath. Washington used 'swear.'

After he finished the oath, there was silence; then Washington said, "I swear, so help me God." He then bent over and kissed the Bible, which was unexpected and sent a murmur through the crowd.

Livingston paused, and turned to the crowd and shouted, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The crowd broke into a storm of cheers that served as a signal to the rest of the city. Church bells rang. Cannons on the ships in the harbor roared. After acknowledging the cheers, Washington went back into the Senate room and delivered his inaugural address.

That's how it all began. There are other inaugurations that I have found interesting.

JOHN ADAMS

One of the most awkward was that of Washington's successor John Adams.

In Philadelphia, where the capital had been moved during Washington's presidency, Adams, as vice-president, was almost totally ignored by Washington. So obscure a life he led, Adams lived in a Philadelphia roominghouse up to his inauguration.

Considering his love of pomp, Adams' inauguration in 1797 turned out to be an extremely drab affair, at least for him. Jefferson had wanted no special ceremonies for himself as the new Vice-President, and there was none.

Adams would have loved ceremony but he didn't get any: no band, no escort from his lodgings, no member of his family present, and although he purchased from his own funds a modest carriage, the Philadelphia press dismissed it as unfitting for a president since it was drawn by only two horses.

Jefferson arrived at Congress hall at 11 a.m., took the oath of office, gave a brief speech, and then led the Senate across to the House of Representatives. A round of applause greeted him, and he took his chair.

Excited chatter filled the room as everyone now awaited the hero of the hour. It wasn't the new president, John Adams. It was George Washington, who arrived in a coach with four horses, while Adams was on his way with two aides in his little carriage.

Washington's arrival was noisy, and upon his arrival there was thunderous applause, everyone straining to see the man who had become a legend in his own time. It probably would be the last time he would be viewed on the national scene and thus it was a moment to be cherished.

It was for Washington that the crowd had come. Dramatically he appeared alone at the door. Alone he walked slowly to the dais. After a moment of eloquent silence, everyone rose and cheered and the salvo persisted long after he had shaken hands with the principals and taken his seat.

Out in the hall, John Adams waited, and waited, and fumed. However, when he entered there was a fresh outburst of applause. Adams quickly stepped down the aisle to the dais, shook hands and took his seat.

There was no master of ceremonies, no one to introduce the new president. Thus, Adams merely waited an appropriate time, then stood up and read his speech. Following that, he received the oath of office. And after that, there was nothing more to be done. It was time for Adams to go.

No gala reception had been arranged for the new president, no banquet, no ball, nothing. Jefferson went to the home of James Madison for an evening party. There was a big banquet for Washington, who was to leave for Mount Vernon in the morning.

Adams? After his inauguration, the second president of the United States took his lunch, as usual, at the head of the table in his boarding house. He then retired to his room, with his only caller for the rest of the day being Washington, who stopped in briefly in the afternoon to say goodbye.

After his usual dinner, the new president returned to his rooms. He went to bed early, but could not sleep and he got up and wrote his wife a letter that began, "My dearest Friend: Your dearest friend never had a more trying day. . . "

JAMES MONROE

Reputedly the First Congress chose March 4 as Inauguration Day because quadrennially (every four years), it was the day of the year which least frequently fell on Sunday. But in 1821, the 2nd Inauguration of James Monroe, it did.

Out of respect for the Sabbath, the second inauguration of Monroe and his vice-president was postponed to Monday, March 5. Their first terms, however, officially expired at noon on Sunday. In effect, then, the country was without a president or a vice-president.

Forseeing such an eventuality, brought on by any number of circumstances, the Congress, in 1792, had approved a bill, which, in this situation, passed the responsibility of the Chief Executive to the president pro tempore of the Senate, and then, should this office be vacant, to the Speaker of the House.

In 1821, The President pro tempore of the Senate was Senator John Gaillard of South Carolina. Thus by the coincidence of March 4 occurring on a Sunday, Senator Gaillard became the only man in history to serve as President of the United States for a day.

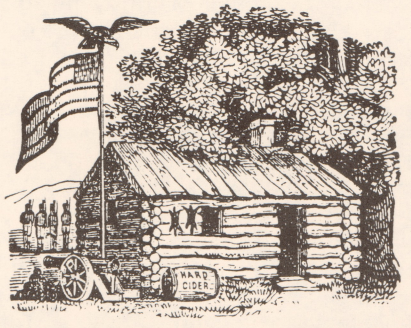
The circumstances were to arise again, but the situation would be different and no other man was to experience this unusual distinction.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

By the late 1830's, a new national political party emerged—called the Whigs. It took its name from the English Whiggamers or Whigs who opposed King James II in the early 1600s, as much as its American adherents now opposed the tyrant whom they called King Andrew Jackson.

In 1840, General William Henry Harrison, hero of the second war with England (War of 1812) and Indian wars on the frontier, was the Whig standard-bearer, along with former Virginia governor and congressman, the vice-presidential candidate, John Tyler.

Billed as a man of the people, a log cabin, rugged-individualist type, Harrison won over the unpopular incumbent Martin Van Buren. On January 26, 1841, Harrison left his home near Cincinnati for Washington.



William Henry Harrison was depicted as the "log cabin and hard cider" candidate in 1840.

An enormous crowd came to the whart to see him off. The journey was a stormy one, both in terms of the weather and the thunderous ovations he received. Soon a blizzard followed him all the way to the capitol, but it didn't prevent him from making speeches at every stop, participating in parades and attending banquets.

Loving all this activity, Harrison, a former medical student in his early years, neglected his health, usually appearing outdoors without a hat or coat, presenting himself as the rugged hero he truly believed himself to be.

He regretted that his wife, ill at home, could not be with him. But his grandson witnessed his journey of triumphs, little knowing that he, the grandson, Benjamin Harrison, would one day experience the same triumph as President of the United States.

Thursday, March 4, was a cold, blustery overcast day, the threat of snow in the air. The parade was the largest one to date. Following the vice-presidential swearing in, in the Senate chambers, Harrison moved outside to the East Portico of the Capitol. It took General Har-

rison one hour and 45 minutes to read his address — the longest in history.

Following the ceremonies, Harrison declined a carriage ride, mounting his hourse and riding it slowly down jammed Pennsylvania Avenue.

At the White House, he shook hands with thousands. Later he attended several balls in his honor, dancing to all hours of the night. He had been an early-to-bed early-to-rise man; however, in the past six weeks, although he continued to rise early, he went to bed beyond midnight each day.

On inauguration night, traveling through the cold night from one ball to another he returned very late to the White House exhausted. He went quickly to a fire, and as he stood there shudders passed through his body. When asked by an aide if he was all right, he responded, "Yes, only a chill." It was worse than that.

During the next few weeks he did not assemble a staff, and thus did all of his own interviewing. He did his own market shopping, arising very early in the morning. March continued raw and bitter in Washington, and on March 27, he returned from shopping drenched from a bone-chilling rain.

His cold worsened, and all of the medical science he knew didn't help. The doctors also did all of the wrong things — from purgatives to opium to brandy. All else failing, they even resorted to Indian remedies — crude petroleum and snakeweed, aggravating a liver condition and inducing hepatitis.

William Henry Harrison was the first president to die in office and his term — only one month — was the shortest in history. His wife never did make the journey.

FRANKLIN PIERCE

When we speak of tragedy, and particularly tragedy surrounding the inauguration of a president, nothing equals the ill fate that befell Franklin Pierce in 1853.

Both the Whigs and Pierce's Democratic Party had a difficult time finding presidential candidates. The Democrats were deadlocked in convention in Baltimore in the summer of 1852. While visiting friends in Boston, Pierce, when contacted by telegram as to his availability, responded in the affirmative — setting off an almost bizarre chain of events.

Ten years before, Pierce had given up a promising political career in Washington because of his heavy drinking, which almost destroyed his marriage. He had been elected to the Senate from New Hampshire in 1837, but resigned in 1842, when his wife threatened to end their marriage unless he broke with his carousing Washington friends.

He returned to a peaceful life in Concord, but later went back to Washington as Polk's U.S. Attorney General, and in 1848, he ran for the New Hampshire governorship.

Jane Pierce was the daughter of a college president. She was shy, frail, genteel, and prone to religious fanaticism. When her first two sons died in infancy she believed that God was punishing Pierce because of his drinking, and it was the birth of her third son, Ben, in 1841, that led to her ultimatum and Pierce's temporary retirement from politics. He also stopped drinking.

Now back to the 1852 convention. When the telegrams began arriving Pierce never mentioned them to his wife, nor his affirmative reply. When his support began to snowball, he took his wife for a ride in the country. On their way back to Boston, a friend on horseback galloped up to them and blurted out that Pierce had been nominated. Jane Pierce collapsed.

Only Franklin's assurance that he had not sought the nomination and would not campaign for election kept the peace in his home. However, he insisted that if he were elected, it would be his duty to serve, and his wife reluctantly conceded this. Pierce was elected and his wife repeatedly said that his election would spell doom for them.

On January 6, 1853, the Pierces left Boston by train for Washington. Their son, Ben, now eleven, was with them. Approaching Andover, as the story goes, their car somehow became uncoupled and careened off the tracks. The Pierces suffered only a few scratches, but the boy was crushed to death before their eyes.

Jane Pierce was never again the same, spending most of the time in her room writing notes of love to the dead boy, which she did for the rest of her life. Pierce, too, was never the same, never certain whether his wife was right about God's wrath.

Jane Pierce returned home, to join her husband later when the celebrations subsided.

While in Washington, the Democrats gave Pierce a new carriage for the occasion. He decided, in late February, to go to Baltimore, with his new gift, to show his wife who had just arrived. It was not a pleasant visit. Jane had learned of the extent to which Franklin had gone to win the nomination while telling her he was doing nothing.

Now she confronted him, and in her fury screamed that this was all the proof she needed that Ben's death had been a punishment. Pierce returned to Washington alone, and cancelled the inaugural ball because, as he announced, he was in mourning.

Vice-President-elect William King of Alabama was not present to share the praise with Pierce either. The rigors of the campaign had damaged his health and he went to Cuba to recuperate. Still ill, he was unable to travel to Washington to be inaugurated, and by special act of Congress, he was permitted to take his oath of office in Havana from the American counsel.

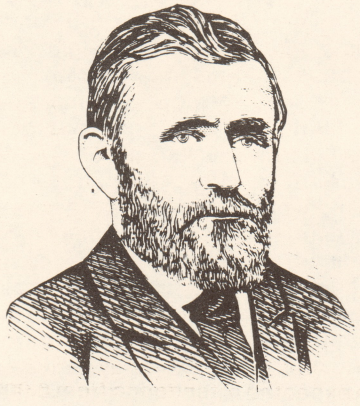
An interesting sidelight took place during the oath. Although Pierce had no religious grounds for not 'swearing' to his oath, he chose, evidently for reason on which one can only speculate, to 'affirm' the oath, the only president ever to do so.

After all the ceremonies ended and after shaking hands alone at the White House, Pierce found that because of the blizzard that day — another sad part of the inauguration — the servants had all gone home and the Fillmores had not moved all of their belongings out.

Thus, that night, his first night in office — with his wife despondent in Baltimore — Pierce alone except for his aide, slept on the floor of the White House.

Later in March, Jane Pierce was preparing to come to the White House when another tragedy occured. Abigail Fillmore, having caught a bad cold while sitting on the windy platform during the inauguration, developed pneumonia and died never leaving Washington.

Oh, and Vice-President King? Well, having returned from Cuba to his plantation in Alabama, King died suddenly, never reaching Washington. President Pierce must have thought the punishment might never stop.



ULYSSES S. GRANT

(2nd Inauguration, March 4, 1873)

Ulysses S. Grant had managed to separate himself from the scandals that plagued his first administration, and as the Republican standard bearer he was reelected to a second term in 1872.

Because of the weather and an oversight in the construction of the building where it was held, the inaugural ball that night was — to say the least — somewhat of a failure.

After the 1869 traffic jam both inside and outside the Treasury Building, the 1873 inaugural committee decided that this time the ball should be held in a suitable spacious place.

At a cost of $40,000, the temporary structure was erected on Judiciary Square. Beautifully decorated, it included an enormous supper room with a sumptouus meal for an army of kings.

Provided were:

10,000 fried oysters, 8,000 scalloped oysters, 8,000 pickled oysters, 63 boned turkeys of 12 pounds each, 75 roast turkeys of 12 pounds each, 150 capons stuffed with truffles, 15 saddles of mutton, 40 pieces of spiced beef of 40 pounds each, 200 dozen roasted quails, 300 tongues and 200 hams ornamented with jelly, 30 baked salmon, 100 chickens, 400 patridges, 25 stuffed boars' heads, 2,000 cheese sandwiches, 3,000 ham sandwiches, 3,000 beef-tongue sandwiches, 1,600 bunches of celery, 30 barrels of salad, 2 barrels of lettuce, 350 chicken boiled for salad, 2,000 pounds of lobster boiled for salad, 6,000 eggs boiled for salad, 1 barrel of beets, 2,500 loaves of bread, 8,000 rolls, 24 cases of Prince Albert crackers, 1,000 pounds of butter, 200 moulds of wine jelly, 300 gallons of ice cream, 200 gallons of flavored ices, 400 pounds of pastry, 150 large decorated cakes, 60 large pyramid cakes, 25 barrels of Malaga grapes, 15 cases of oranges, 5 cases of apples, 400 pounds of mixed candies, 10 cases of raisins, 200 pounds of shelled almonds, 300 gallons of punch, 300 gallons of coffee, 200 gallons of tea, and 100 gallons of chocolate.

In view of all this planning and preparation, it was incredible that nobody thought of installing a heating system in the building. All of the canaries in decorative cages froze to death.

When the guests began arriving around nine, the vast hall was so cold that people did not check their wraps—which at least prevented a recurrance of the check-room chaos at previous inauguration balls. Many of the early arrivers did not stay, and this cut the expected attendance from 6,000 to 3,000.

As the evening progressed, the temperature continued to drop. The musicians were too cold and could not play, but nobody felt like dancing. Everybody was in the supper-room drinking hot coffee, hot tea, and hot chocolate, and ignoring all the food, now cold and tasteless.

CONCLUSION

So many more behind-the-scene glimpses of past inaugurations could be relived. Also, I have given no attention to what was said by the Presidents-elect in their addresses.

Some were conciliatory during times of political strife. Others were descriptive, and in a sense a summary of where our nation was at the time. Still others outlined the President's and his Party's intentions. Some were historic, such as Truman's famous Four Points in 1949, which set the foreign policy tone of our nation since World War II.

And, some were almost poetic, capturing the imagination and emotions of many, such as that of John Kennedy, when he concluded his address:

"In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

"And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.

"My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America can do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of mankind.

"Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking God's blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own."

RENEGADE INDIAN, UNREPAID LOANS, DEATH OF OXEN ADDED TO PIONEER MILLS'S TRIALS IN BRIDGEWATER

By Robert Edwin Miller

(Bob Miller, WCHS treasurer, has some early Washtenaw roots. This is the third installment of reminiscences of pioneer life in Bridgewater township by some of his antecedents, Warren Heman Mills and twin brother, Hiram Wallace Mills. Their father, John, was a brother of Bob's great-grandfater. The last installment appeared in the last (November) issue.)

"The Indians who inhabited this part of Michigan were called the Potawatomis. They were of large stature and powerful frames, endowed with a good deal of courage, but of little or no generosity or thankfulness.

"They carried on a continual bush warfare with the settlers, sometimes shooting them in the back, sometimes carrying off their wives and children.

"But this state of affairs did not last long owing to the rapid influx of settlers who joined together and so severely punished the Indians at every fresh outrage that they soon had a respectable fear of the whites and ceased to give any great annoyance.

"There was one Indian named Peewot who used to hang around our place because he was accustomed to be fed by Mother, when Father was away, to prevent him from committing depredations. He took great delight in standing just outside the door and scaring us youngsters when we came out.

"He was very fond of whiskey which he succeeded in obtaining occasionally from the traders who came to barter with the Indians.

"On one occasion, while under the influence of liquor, he came to our house, pushed open the door and commenced to threaten to kill Mother and her children. Father was away in the field, plowing with a team of oxen, when this occurred.

"Mother snatched up the horn that was used to call him to dinner and blew a blast to call him to the house. He hurried up and found Peewot standing before Mother with a drawn knife.

"Father took down his rifle and ordered the Indian to leave the house but instead of complying, he advanced on Father, apparently with the intention of killing him. Thereupon Father shot him dead.

"Peewot was a renegade Indian who was not allowed to live with the tribe, and instead of being incensed, the Indians expressed general approbation of the deed. He had already killed several whites and was looked upon as a dangerous character by the community.

"We were never afterward disturbed by Indians, for Father gave notice that he would shoot all who entered his dooryard.

"Because of unrepaid loans that he had made to his brother, George, father was reduced so low that he was compelled to sell his fine team of horses he had brought from 'York' State and purchase a yoke of oxen which were much cheaper and better adapted to this new country.

"He raised a little wheat and some corn and, having threshed the wheat with a flail, he obtained a pair of old horses to go to the mill thirty miles away to get his grist ground into flour.

"While he was absent his brother-in-law, Ira Annabil, chained the oxen to a tree and one broke its neck and the other was fatally injured.

"Thus, Father, already without money, was deprived of his only team by which he could cultivate his land. He had no money with which to buy a new team, nor had Ira any whereby to make amends for his carelessness.

"So, without anything but his farm, he was plunged into the greatest poverty. Father had one cow and his neighbor had one so they hitched them together as oxen and managed to put in ten acres apiece into wheat and corn.

"But this would not support his family so he started to work by the day for anyone who would hire him and at any kind of labor.

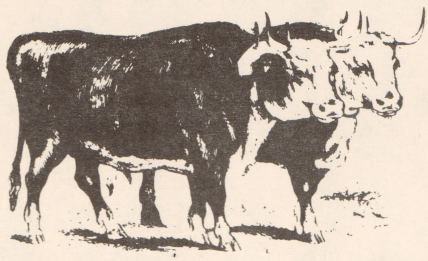
"He was principally engaged in building log houses for newcomers who were the only ones who would pay him in money, for all the old settlers were as penniless as was Father. Father had a great reputation as a log house builder and it was not long before he had accumulated enough to buy a good pair of horses.

"He did not continue building but went to farming and trading. He became quite prosperous as a result of economy and a succession of good crops and lucky trades.

"He fenced in his farm and made many more necessary improvements and came to be looked upon as a fortunate and well-to-do farmer."

We don't know the location where John Mills originally settled, or the "Short Hills" to which they moved later, Bob writes, but do know that after moving twice, all within Bridgewater township, he eventually had a farm of 160 acres in section 17 (the E½ of the NW ¼ and the W½ of the NE ¼).

This farm was later occupied by Hiram Wallace Mills and his house still stands.



(Editors note: This concludes the reminiscences of Warren Heman Mills as recorded in 1889 and furnished to us by Bob Miller. The account also contained material from Warren Heman's twin brother, Hiram Wallace Mills as recorded in 1890 by Hiram's daughter, Pauline Mills Murrah.

(Warren Heman Mills was one of the second set of twins born to John and Elizabeth Annabil Mills. In 1836 a third set of twins, (all six boys) were born to them.

(John Mills father was Jonathon Mills. "We know of no definite connection between the family of Jonathon Mills and taht of Stephen Mills, the builder of Cobblestone Farm House and other buildings including several mud houses," Bob writes.

("We do know, however, that Jonathon's great-grandfater had a brother who settled on Long Island and may have been a tie to the family of Stephen Mills."

(John's wife, Elizabeth Annabil, was the daughter of Ebenezer Annabil, a Revolutionary soldier and seaman who is buried in Bridgewater Center Cemetary by the township hall on Clinton-Manchester Road at the intersection with Braun Road.)

CERTIFICATES OFFERED

Hand-lettered certificates are offered free of charge, framed if desired, by WCHS to organizations for milestone anniversaries. Information: 663-8826. If readers know of such anniversaries coming up, please let us know.

CF OFFICERS NAMED

Mary Jo Gord, who is a member of the WCHS board, is the new president of the Cobblestone Farm board. Eric Wolff is vice-president, Judy Gray, secretary, and Fred Becker, treasurer.

'FOR TIN WEDDINGS'

Mrs. Bangs—"Did you know that John and I just celebrated our tin wedding?"

Mrs. Bings—"Is that so? And what did Mr. Bangs give you?"

Mrs. Bangs—"A nice new Ford touring car."

Ford Smiles: All the Best Current Jokes About a Rattling Good Car, by Carleton B. Case, Shrewesbury Publishing Company, Chicago, 1917.

'SO LONG?'

"Why is it called a runabout?"

"Because it will run about a mile without stopping."

Ford Smiles: All the Best Current Jokes About a Rattling Good Car, by Carleton B. Case, Shrewesbury Publishing Company, Chicago, 1917.

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Published October-May except December.

Non-Profit Org.
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Ann Arbor, MI

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